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SUSTAINING
PAPER AND HOME
"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"
EPISODE NO. 98

11:30 — 12:30 P.M.

MARCH 30, 1934

FRIDAY

ARTISTCOMP: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG.

ANNOUNCER: You may not know it, but many of your steaks and chops come from the National Forests. Up in the national forests a lush growth of sedges, grasses and other forage plants furnishes grazing during the summer and autumn for many thousands of cattle, sheep and horses. The homestead settlers and ranchmen who live near the national forests purchase grazing privileges for their livestock under a permit system for which they pay the United States a small fee per head for the season. Each year in the early spring the owners of the livestock make application to the Forest Rangers for their grazing permits and when all the applications have been collected the Forest Supervisor awards the grazing privileges to the applicants according to their needs and equities.

A very good place to receive grazing application is at meetings of the local livestock association. These meetings are purposely held at this season of the year in order that the Forest Rangers may meet the stockmen, receive their applications and discuss with them any matters pertaining to the grazing use of the forest rangers.

As we tune in today on the Pine Cone District, Ranger Jim Robb and Jerry Quick are riding down the county highway approaching the Cross T Ranch which is the home of Frank Thompson, the president of the Big Bend Cattle and Horsegrowers Association. Mr. Thompson is holding the annual meeting of the association at his home and our Ranger friends are riding to attend the meeting. Here they are -

(SOUND OF TWO SADDLE HORSES WALKING, CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: You get a good view of Frank Thompson's Cross T ranch from here, Jerry. I guess you've never been to a meeting over at Frank's place before.

JERRY: No. Don't you remember, we had the meeting over at Big Bend last year. -- He's got a pretty good looking place here.

JIM: Yeah -- a good layout -- well sheltered -- cuts about 400 tons of hay. If I had a place like this, I'd figure I was needed.

JERRY: You could make your fortune here, eh?

JIM: No -- no. Just a good living, that's all. That's all most of us make; and some not that.

JERRY: Yeah -- don't I know it?

JIM: We turn in here, Jerry.

JERRY: I'll get the gate.

JIM: Better let me, I won't have to get off old Dolly.

JERRY: Let me get it, Jim. I'm trying to make a gate horse out of Spark.

JIM: All right -- go ahead.

JERRY: Come up Spark -- Get up there -- (CLUCKS) When now.

(LATCH CLICKS - GATE SWINGS)

JIM: (OFF) Good boy! You'll make a saddle horse out of that "tail" yet, Jerry.

(GATE SWINGS SHUT WITH CREAK; LATCH CLICKS)

JERRY: (RIDING UP) Don't call this horse a brown tail. There ain't a better one in the country.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well -- seems to be quite a number of the men here already.

JERRY: Yeah! I wonder who that sorrel belongs to. I never saw it around here before.

JIM: Don't know. Darned if Sam didn't come over in his old Lissy. He'd make it through anything with that old boat.

FRANK: (OFF) Hi Jim, Hello Jerry.

JIM: Hello, Frank. Howdy fellows.

JERRY: (WITH HIM) Hello, Frank. Hello, Sam.

VOICES OFF: Howdy - Howdy, Jim.

JIM: Looks like a pretty good turnout, today, Frank. Pretty near everybody here?

FRANK: Yeah -- pretty good turn out. Get down and see if yuh kin find a place tuh hitch yore hosses.

JIM: (LOW VOICE TO HORSE) Whoa, Dolly. Whoa -- (DISMOUNTING) There.

(LOUDER TO FRANK) You need more hitchin' rack for a gathering like this, Frank. Well, Sam, how're you today?

SAM: Pretty fair, Ranger, can't complain.

IKE: First time I ever see Sam when he couldn't complain.

SAM: (PROTESTING) I ain't said I ain't got no complaints, but we ain't meetin' yet.

(JIM AND OTHERS LAUGH)

JIM: So you're all loaded up for bear, are you, Sam?

SAM: Well -- they's one or two things that orter be looked intuh, I reckon.

JIM: Get 'em all lined up in 1-2-3 order, and we'll look into 'em. That's what this meeting's for.

JERRY: Sam, whose sorrel is that? Got a new member?

SAM: That? Oh, that sorrel is one Ike Williams traded for. Turned his old buck in.

JERRY: Pretty good looker!

SAM: Yeah, she's stylish all right. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if she's winded at that.

IKE: Like Heck she is! She's sound as a dollar.

(SAM AND JERRY LAUGH)

JERRY: You got a rise, that time, Sam.

IKE: Have a chew?

FRANK: Don't care if I do.

(PAUSE)

SAM: Yuh mind if I whittle a mite off'n that plug?

IKE: Sure if yuh don't let that knife o'yourn slip too deep. -- Want some, Ranger?

JERRY: No thanks, I don't chew.

IKE: Looks like I ain't goin' tuh much longer either -- way Sam's --

SAM: Serves yuh right -- bringing out a brand new plug in this here crowd.

BILL: Well, what are we a waitin' fer anyway? Thought we was goin' t'have a meetin'.

SAM: Bud Smith ain't got here yit. He's got the book.

FRANK: We won't wait fer him much longer.

SAM: He kin read his report and collect the dues at the end of the meetin'.

IKE: So he can, Frank. What say we get started!?

FRANK: All right les' go, then. Guess we kin all git into the front-room.

BILL: Yah, let's go in.

FRANK: Wipe your feet on the mat, or I won't never hear the last of it from the missus.

SAM: I didn't know you wasn't boss in your own house, Frank.

IKE: How about it, Frank?

(SOUND OF MEN MOVING ABOUT, AND WIPING FEET VIGOROUSLY ON THE MAT.)

BILL: Sam I don't believe you kin get your feet on the mat.

IKE: Not more than one at a time, anyway.

(GENERAL LAUGHTER)

FRANK: I reckon five or six of you men kin set over there on the sofy.

IKE: That's the sofy he got the last year cattle sold for money.

(SEVERAL LAUGH)

BILL: Looks good to be so old, don't it? (LAUGHTER)

FRANK: Some of you kin set on the floor.

BILL: I'm a-goin' to set down here on the rug among the posies.

(GENERAL HUM OF CONVERSATION)

FRANK: Now if you fellers has all got a place t' set, we'll get started. This here is the annu'l meetin' of the Big Bend Cattle and Horse-growers' Association. The Forest Rangers is here to git yore grazin' applications an' tell us what's what on the range fer this year. Before they git started we --

SAM: (INTERRUPTING) Here's Bud now -- 'lo Bud.

BUD: (ENTERING) Howdy men, has the meetin' started?

FRANK: Yore just in time, Bud. We're waitin' fer yore secatary-treasur report. Ya got it ready?

BUD: Yah, I reckon so (CLEARING THROAT) -- Well, ahem. This here cattle and horse growers association had its meetin' March 24th, 1933, over to Big Bend. The meetin' come to order when I wasn't there. But I put it down that Ranger Jim Robbins told us about regulations, and Jerry made out applications, and we decided to have the same officers again this year. Frank took in the dues fer me. Everybody's paid up. We got \$110 in the treasury. (CLEARS THROAT) Guess that's all.

FRANK: Well now you fellers all heard Bud's report. Anything wrong with it?

IKE: Did he pay the State dues and the Newspaper advertisin' bill?

FRANK: How 'bout it, Bud?

BUD: Sure, you geezers kin look over the book.

FRANK: You fellers kin pay Bud your dues fer this year.

SAM: 'Gordin to Bud we got \$110 in the treasury. What's the use collectin' more dues? I move we out out the dues this year.

(GENERAL BUZZ OF APPROVAL)

FRANK: I reckon there's lot of use fer the money. I been thinkin' maybe the Association orter post a reward fer these rustlers' been gettin' away with our stuff.

IKE: That's a good idee. Something orter be done -- I'm short three head out o' my little bunch last year.

FRANK: Maybe the Rangers can help out some way. How 'bout it Jim?

SAM: Yeah! Let the Government git after them rustlers. What do we pay grazing fees fer anyhow?

JIM: (WITH DELIBERATION) Well -- As I have pointed out to some of you men before, there is no federal law against stealing cattle. That's covered by the State law. The Forest Service charges you 45¢ per head for the forage your cattle eat in a 6 months' season. We restrict the number of stock on the range so that the permitted stock will have plenty to eat. The Forest Service puts in drift fences so your stuff won't stray and builds driveways and watering places and other improvements for your accommodation. But they're still your stock and if somebody steals your property you should prosecute him like you would any thief. Of course our regulations provide that Forest officers shall help the State authorities enforce the State livestock laws and we aim to help all we can but we don't take over the sheriff's job and you fellows will have to start the action.

SAM: Yeah, but yuh gotta catch 'em before yuh kin hang 'em. If we knowed who 't'was we wouldn't bother with no law, we'd treat 'em to a necktie party.

(SEVERAL LAUGHS AND SHOUTS OF YEAH, -- THAT'S RIGHT SAM GIVE 'EM THE ROPE)

FRANK: Now you fellers know that's jest talk! We gotter do something to perfect our own property. Question is, what we goin' to do?

JERRY: Mr. President --

FRANK: Go ahead Jerry.

JERRY: If I may offer a suggestion. I've been thinking about this cattle stealing matter and I doubt whether this Association can afford to post a reward large enough to get results. But what do you think of this plan: Let the president appoint a secret committee to do detective work. No one except the president and the members of the committee will know who is on it. Let the Association set up a fund for their expenses and let that committee get out and lay for the rustlers 'til they catch 'em. If you have some good live men on the committee, I believe the scheme will work.

FRANK: That sounds right sensible to me. What d' you fellers think?

(SEVERAL APPROVE: "YEAH - THAT SOUNDS GOOD. -- YOU BET.")

FRANK: All right. It may take a little more money fer dues this year to do it.

IKE: That's awright, Frank -- we'll pay it.

BILL: Go ahead Frank.

FRANK: Well that's settled. -- Now I'd like to ask the rangers -- How about the grazin' fees fer this year? You said a minute ago 'twas 45¢. Seems like it was 54 cents last summer.

JIM: Well, you see we've got a new deal this year.

CHORUS OF APPROVAL:

'At's the stuff. Hurrah fer the new deal. That's good, etc.

JIM: You recollect last year we started a new system of adjusting the fees each year according to the prices beef and lambs bring on the market. As long as the price of beef cattle stays down the cost of grazing stays down and when it goes up the grazing fees will increase with it.

IKK: Well -- let'er go Ranger, she can't go up too soon ter suit me.

VOICES: (SEVERAL LAUGH) That's right Ike, you said it.

FRANK: The next thing is the bulls. Seems like they's a lot of talk again' some o' the bulls that's turned out.

IKE: Yeah, some scrub bulls run on the range last year.

BILL: Owners ought to be made to take 'em off.

IKE: I been fifteen year buildin' up my herd.

SAM: I don't wonder your bulls is so old.

IKE: I ain't got a bull older'n six year. We orter make everybody show papers.

SAM: I got papers on that bull, got em at home in my strong box.

BILL: It's a scrub bull, papers or no papers.

IKE: He knows he ain't got no papers.

SAM: Look here none of you fellers kin call me a liar.

JIM: Wait a minute Sam, we all know you wouldn't own anything but pedigreed stock, but sometimes bulls don't turn out as good as their papers.

SAM: Well, I got the papers all right.

BILL: Make him buy a new bull.

SAM: I ain't got no money to buy no new bull, and you guys know it.

IKE: Well our herds will run down, an' we can't afford to run that kind o'stuff.

SAM: If we ain't going to allow for bulls like him, we got to cut old ones, I'll leave it to Jim if it ain't fair to have an age limit on the pedigrees. Ain't it Jim?

JIM: You fellows know better than I do what is best for your own herds. You're all good breeders and know your business. Why don't the association adopt a special bull rule? If you will agree on the kind and grade of bulls that can be turned out and the number each man shall furnish and when they shall be turned on the range -- you fix up a rule that will do you all the most good and I'll write it into your permits and we'll enforce it.

FRANK: That's what I say, Jim, we orter have a bull rule in our permits. What do you fellers say, shall we have a rule?

IKE: Yeah, if it's the right kind.

FRANK: Well all that wants it say aye.

CHORUS: Ayes.

FRANK: Anybody agin' it?

SAM: Wall, it depends on the rule -- I don't --

FRANK: (INTERRUPTING) Next thing's the coyotes, wolves, and sech like (SEVERAL TRY TO TALK AT ONCE)

Frank that's what I want to talk about -- yah let's get the coyotes -- we need some hunters -- they're killing my stuff.

IKE: Yeah, look at the loss from the coyotes.

BUD: If the government would get rid of some of the predatories breeding the forest we might be able to afford new bulls.

SAM: I'm with you there, Bud. A consarn mountain lion come clean into my pasture lot an' killed one of my colts.

IKE: It's the coyotes and wolves that's the worst. They're gittin' so bold they come right up in the barn yard.

FRANK: Jim, don't you think you could get Uncle Sam to help out a little more in exterminatin' some of these vermin?

IKE: Yeah, Jim, the sheep-men's complained a lot about the coyotes, too.

BILL: We should worry about the sheep-men.

SAM: That's one time a coyote knows his business. (LAUGHTER)

FRANK: Come on fellers, pipe down and let Jim talk.

JIM: Well, I'll tell you. I'll see what I can do about getting a hunter assigned here. The Biological Survey people are doing a lot to cooperate with us in that way.

IKE: I move you do that, Jim.

BILL: Me too.

FRANK: Guess that would suit everybody Jim.

JIM: I'll see about it right away -

FRANK: Now there's 'lection of officers comes next.

JIM: Before you start on that -- if Jerry has finished taking the applications I think we'll be starting back for the ranger station.

FRANK: Now we don't want you forest men to rush off like that. Soon's we get through here the Missus is fixin' to give us a feed, she won't like it if ya run off.

JIM: Well, I'm mighty sorry, Frank. You know I never run away from a good feed if I can help it, but it's a long way to the ranger station and it's all up hill, so if Jerry has finished with his job I think we'd better be riding.

JERRY: (OFF) Guess I've got all the applications. At least I've got writer's cramp.

FRANK: Any you fellers haint give your application in yet? (PAUSE) Don't hear no offers -- must be all taken. But you don't need to rush off. Glad t'have yuh stay all night.

SAM: Come on over to my place. Yuh ain't stopped with me fer a long time.

JIM: Well I sure appreciate your asking - we'd like mighty well to stay but Jerry and I have a big schedule lined up for tomorrow so we'll have to get back tonight.

FRANK: Well that's too bad. Sorry you have to go away without some lunch.

JIM: Yeah -- me too but it just has to be -- so -- Goodbye men -- we'll see you at cattle counting time.

JERRY: Goodbye --

FRANK AND OTHERS:

'Bye Jim - so long. Good bye.

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well -- it's too bad we can't stock around for the eats. ---
Counting the young stock, some 14 million head of cattle, sheep and horses
are grazed each year on the ranges of our National Forests. And all this
enormous grazing business is handled by the Forest Rangers in such a way
as to provide for the permanent conservation of the range resources. It's
another example of "Conservation by wise use" -- the keynote of National
Forest administration.

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